

request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thibby* meete by Moone-light.

*Sn.* Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

*Bot.* A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

*Enter Pucke.*

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why then may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thibby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

*Sn.* You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you *Bottom*?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall, and let him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and *Thibby* whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his cue.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* What hempen home-spuns haue we swagging here, So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene? What, a Play toward? He be an auditor, An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speake *Piramus*: *Thibby* stand forth.

*Pir.* *Thibby*, the flowers of odious fauours sweete.

*Quin.* Odours, odours.

*Pir.* Odours fauours sweete,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thibby* deare.

But harken, a voyce: stay thou but here a while, And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit, Pir.*

*Puck.* A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here.

*Thib.* Must I speake now?

*Pet.* I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

*Thib.* Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue, Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer, Most brisk Iuvenall, and eke most louely Iew, As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre, Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnes* toombe.

*Pet.* *Ninus* toombe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answer to *Piramus*: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is neuer tyre.

*Thib.* O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

*Pir.* If I were faire, *Thibby* I were onely thine. *Pet.* O monstrous. O strange. We are haunted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

*The Clownes all Exit.*

*Puk.* Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round, Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound: (bryer, A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire, And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne, Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

*Enter Piramus with the Asses head.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me asfeard. *Enter Snout.*

*Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? You see an Asses-head of your owne, do you?

*Enter Peter Quince.*

*Pet.* Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee; thou art translated.

*Bot.* I see their knauery; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woodell cocke, so blacke of hew, With Orange-tawny bill.

The Throthle, with his note so true,

The Wren and little quill.

*Tyta.* What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

*Bot.* The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,

The plain-song Cuckow gray;

Whose note full many a man doth marke,

And dares not answer, nay.

For indeede, who would let his wit to so foolish a bird?

Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

*Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe, Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;

On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

*Bot.* Me-thinks I mistresse, you should haue little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and loue keepe little company together, now-a-days.

The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occasion.

*Tyta.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

*Bot.* Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne turne.

*Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,

Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,

And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,

Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:

And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,

That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.

*Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.*

*Fai.* Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

*Tyta.* Be

*Tyta.* Be kinde and courteous to this Gentleman, Hop in his walke, and gambole in his eyes,

Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,

With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,

The homie-bags steale from the humble Bees,

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,

To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:

And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,

To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes.

To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes.

Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

*Bot.* I cry your worships mercy hartly; I beseech your worships name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

*Peas.* Pease-blossome.

*Bot.* I pray you commend mee to mistresse Squall,

your mother, and to master Peasecod your father.

Good master Pease-blossome, I shal desire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I beseech you sir?

*Mus.* Mustard-seede.

*Peas.* Pease-blossome.

*Bot.* Good master Mustard-seede, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe

bath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seede.

*Tyta.* Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.

The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eye,

And when she weepes, weepe euerie little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastitie.

Tye vp my lours tongue, bring him silently. *Exit.*

*Enter King of Pharies, salus.*

*Ob.* I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;

Then what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must dote on, in extremitie.

*Enter Pucke.*

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,

What night-rule now about this gaunted groue?

*Puck.* My Mistis with a monster is in loue,

Neere to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,

A crew of patches, rude Mechanicall,

That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* stals,

Were met together to rehearse a Play,

Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day:

The shallowest thick-skinn of that barren sort,

Who *Piramus* presented in their sport,

Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,

When I did him at this aduantage take;

An Asses nole I fixed on his head,

Anon his *Thibbie* must be answered,

And forth my Mimicke comes: when they him spied,

As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,

Or rustled-pated choughes, many in sort,

(Rising and cawing at the guns report)

Scuer themselves, and madly sweep the skye:

So at his sight, away his fellowes flye, And at our stamp, here ore and ore one fals;

He murther cries, and helpe from *Athen* calls,

Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong,

Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.

For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,

Some sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,

I led them on in this distracted feare,

And left sweete *Piramus* translated there:

When in that moment (so it came to passe)

*Tytania* waked, and straightway lou'd an Ass.

*Ob.* This fals out better then I could deuise:

But hast thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,

With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee doe?

*Rob.* Iooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)

And the *Athenian* woman by his side,

That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.

*Enter Demetrius and Hermia.*

*Ob.* Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

*Rob.* This is the woman, but not this the man.

*Dem.* O why rebuke you him that loues you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse.

For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse,

If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe,

Being ore shoos in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too:

The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,

As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,

From sleeping *Hermia*? He beleue as soone

This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone

May through the Center creepe, and so displease

Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.

It cannot be but thou hast murthered him,

So should a murtherer looke, so dead, so grim:

*Dem.* So should the murderer looke, and so should I,

Pierst through the heart with your steame cruelty:

Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,

As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

*Her.* What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he too?

Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?

*Dem.* I'de rather giue his carcase to my hounds:

*Her.* Out dog, out cur, thou driu'st me past the bounds

Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?

Henceforth be neuer numbred among men:

Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,

Durst thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O braue tutch:

Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?

An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue

Then thine (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.

*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispri'd mood,

I am not guiltie of *Lysanders* blood:

Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

*Dem.* And if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.* A priuiledge, neuer to see me more;

And from thy hated presence part I see me no more.

Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vaine,

Here therefore for a while I will remaine.

So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier growe,

For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If